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THE

TALISMAN:

A

TALE FOR BOYS.

BOSTON
WAIT, GREENE & CO.—13 COURT STREET.

PRESS OF PUTNAM & HUNT.

1829.

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Pub.d by Wills Greene & Co.

"When she first sprung up a most exhilarating shout issued from the group."

See Page 50

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Susan Sedgwick
Sept. 6th 1829.

THE

TALISMAN:

A

TALE FOR BOYS.

BOSTON:
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BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the twenty fifth day of June, A. D. 1829, in the fifty third year of the Independence of the United States of America, WAIT, GREENE & CO. of the said district, have deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof they claim as proprietors, in the words following, *to wit:*

"The Talisman: a Tale for Boys."

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an Act entitled "An Act supplementary to an Act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts and books to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JNO. W. DAVIS,
Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PRESS OF PUTNAM & HUNT.
41, Washington Street,

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THE TALISMAN.

Frank had heard a great deal about the city, but he had never seen it, for he lived more than a hundred miles from New York, and still farther from Boston. His father and mother had made visits to both these places, several times, but it had never been convenient to them to take Frank. On their return, they always brought him many pretty presents of books or toys, and they told him about every thing they had seen there, which they thought would interest him, and he imagined the city to be the most delightful place in the world.

Frank had no brother, and only one little sister, who was a very pretty play-

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thing for him, but not much of a companion. There was one boy in the neighbourhood, a farmer's son, with whom Frank played a great deal.

The school was not near them, and Frank's mother had taught him every thing he knew. This was not more than other boys usually know at his age, but Frank thought he knew a great deal, for he had never seen a boy so well educated as himself. In the little village where he lived, none of the other boys were so fortunate as to have mothers, who could spare their time to instruct them, and the school was a poor one, so Frank thought himself very wise. When his mother perceived this, she invited his little friend, the farmer's son, Sam Brown, to come to her house and study with Frank. Sam was a year older than Frank, a good and intelligent boy, and he gladly accepted the invitation. Frank was soon obliged to make unusual exertion to keep up with him, but the pleasure he felt in having a companion in his studies, compensated him for his trouble.

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About this time, Mr. Courtland, Frank's father, went to Boston to attend the legislature, of which he was a member. He was absent many weeks, and Frank thought he never would come home. It was winter, and although Frank and Sam were industrious in their studies, and had much amusement in coasting, skating, making snow houses and images, the time appeared very long. At last, the stage which had driven past the house day after day, stopped before the gate, and Mr. Courtland jumped out. Frank was at the bottom of the walk before the trunk was taken off by the driver, and after he had welcomed his father, ran back to be the first to tell the good news to his mother, who was in her own room on the other side of the house, and did not even hear the noise of the carriage.

When Mr. Courtland had got warm and taken tea, he opened his trunk and took out some books and a little printing press, and the model of a mill which could

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be taken to pieces and put together again, which he presented to Frank; and a beautiful doll dressed in the fashion, and some toys for his little daughter Ann. He also gave Frank a very pretty book, which he had bought for Sam, for he told him that he knew he would be pleased to have Sam get a present as well as himself. Frank ran directly over to the farmer's to carry it, and received as much pleasure in giving the book to Sam, as from those he had for himself.

'Now father,' said Frank, (when he returned,) 'tell me about Boston; shall I ever see it, I wonder?'

'Yes, my dear,' said his father; 'I think you will see it very soon.'

'Are you in earnest?'

'Yes, truly. I have written to your mother about my plans; but I perceive she has not thought it best to tell you.'

'Perhaps she don't intend to let me go,' said Frank.

'I believe she is rather reluctant,' answered Mr. Courtland; but I have per-

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suaded her to consent to it. My plan, Frank, is to send you to school. I have thought for some time, that it would be advantageous to you to go from home, where you would be obliged to act more for yourself than you do now ; and where you would learn some things which you cannot learn here.'

'But I am sure,' said Frank, 'mother can teach me any thing ; and I know now, more than any boy in the village except Sam ; who is a year older than I am.'

'Except Sam,' said his father, 'the only boy who has received any good instruction ! When you go to a school, my son, you will find many boys, who know more than yourself, and some that are more capable ; but I hope you will not find any, more amiable or honest. I think you are a dutiful, good boy, Frank; if I did not, I should not be willing to trust you so far away from your mother and myself.'

'Why, am I to go alone ! go without mother !' said Frank.

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'Yes:—for neither your mother nor myself wish to go to school: we must stay at home, and take care of little Ann, and the house, and the farm.'

'I don't believe I shall be contented there, without any of my friends; *if* it *is* Boston, or the most delightful place in the world.'

'If you are not contented, I shall bring you home; for you could not learn to advantage, unless you were happy, and I should not willingly place you where you were not so.'

'Then I may come home if I don't like it.'

'Yes.'

'I think then, I shall be willing to go.'

'I expect, Frank,' said Mr. Courtland, 'that you will feel a little strange at first, and even homesick; but you will not yield to this, but wait till you have become acquainted with your teachers, and schoolfellows; and see if your studies and amusements do not enable you to get through the day very pleasantly; and

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then, although you may not like it as well as home, I think you are such a sensible child, that you will content yourself to remain, if it is important to your education that you should do so. But Frank, it is not in Boston, after all, that you are to live, though very near there. I did at first think of letting you reside with your Aunt Willard, and go to some one of the excellent day schools which are kept in Boston; but I heard of a situation a few miles out of the city, which pleased me better. Mr. and Mrs. Reed, who keep it, are delightful people; I went to see them myself. They have a charming house, garden and play ground. Twenty or thirty boys live with them. They have no children of their own; but they love these children, and treat them exactly as if they were really their own. I never saw a school, which appeared to me to possess so many of the pleasures and advantages of home, as this does. Mrs. Reed is particularly lovely in her person, manners, and kind and attentive to the

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scholars. I expect you will love her next to your mother, before you have been there six weeks.'

'It may be *next*, father;' said Frank; 'but I think there will be a long, long way between mother and Mrs. Reed, or Mrs. any body else. Am I to go so soon.'

'Not immediately; your mother tells me, she wishes you to write a better hand, to spell correctly, and to get on a little more, in arithmetic first.'

'O, I will be very industrious,' said Frank. 'Why did you not tell me about this plan, mother, when you urged me to study, and said you had a good reason for wishing me to get longer lessons than I had done before.'

'Because,' answered his mother, 'the plan was not decided on; and I hoped my asking it would be the strongest inducement I could offer.'

'Well, I did try, but I should have tried more, if I had known that I was going where all the boys knew so much.'

'This is one reason why I consent to

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your going,' said his mother. 'I find you do not learn as fast, as with your talents you ought; because you have not the ambition or the sympathy, by which you would be excited, among a number of boys of your own age.'

'Mother, why do you look so sober;' said Frank; 'are you sorry I am going. Father won't send me, unless you consent.'

'I have consented, Frank; because I think it will be for your advantage to go; but I cannot feel happy when I think of parting with you.'

'O mother, don't speak about parting; I shall never be able to go, if you do,—if my staying with you makes you happy, I don't think I ought to go.'

'If you do well and learn fast, and continue as good and innocent as you now are; this will make me happier than even keeping you at home.'

'Well, I am sure I shall do that.'

'Not so sure yet, my dear. You have little idea of the trials and temptations you may meet with; you know you cannot bear trials very well, Frank.'

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'But I shall learn to bear them. You told father so, last summer, when I broke my flower-pot.'

'You will learn this better away from home,' said Mrs. Courtland; 'and this is another reason why I consent to your absence.'

'I think going from home is to cure me of all my faults.'

'It will afford you the best opportunity of curing them; but after all, this must depend on yourself.'

Although Frank's pleasure at the prospect of seeing the city of Boston, was somewhat damped by the thought of leaving his parents, he was eager to go; and so rapid was his improvement, in consequence of this excitement, that his mother became more and more satisfied it was best for him to leave her; and her selfish desire to retain her son, who was the joy and the occupation of almost all her hours, gave way to her views for his improvement. She could not but per-

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ceive, that Frank had some of those little faults to which children brought up in private are peculiarly liable; and she trusted that her religious and moral instructions had sunk too deeply into his heart, to be overpowered by the temptations to which in his new situation, far away from her care, he might be exposed.

Before the weather and roads were sufficiently settled, to venture on so long a journey, Frank was all prepared to depart; he had been very attentive to his lessons, particularly in writing, and although he was but twelve years old, few persons of any age, wrote a better hand.

His mother provided every thing for his comfort and amusement, which affection and a thorough acquaintance with his habits could devise. He was fond of amusing himself with drawing; and could draw remarkably well for his age. His mother made him a neat port-folio, and filled it with paper; and a case for his pencils, pen-knife, &c.; and when she found he was not to set off as soon as she

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had expected, she employed herself in the evening in filling a book with drawings, which would answer for patterns for him. There were landscapes, animals and flowers, all very simple, but quite pretty and interesting.

She did not show it to Frank till it was finished.

'When did you draw this, mother?' said Frank; 'I have not seen you drawing for a long time; you have been making my clothes every day from morning till night.'

'I did it after you were in bed.'

How kind, thought Frank, though he did not say it; for children do not often speak when they are much moved by kindness.

'They are beautiful,' at last he exclaimed; 'just such as I like.'

'When you are in want of amusement, you can copy these,' said his mother; 'and then you will think of me.'

'And so I shall, let me do what I will.'

'I hope so,' said his father; 'it will be your surest talisman.'

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'Talismans are good things, father. I wish there were real ones in the world; such as I have read about, in the Arabian nights. If I had one to take away with me, you would always feel sure that I was safe.'

'If you kept it; but you know, they may be lost.'

'O, I should keep it; never fear that.'

'Well, there are no such things except in fiction. God will protect you my son; and to his protection I willingly trust you; only try yourself to do right. Good night,—day after to-morrow, if the weather is fine, we are to start.'

'So soon, father,' said Frank, and his eyes filled with tears; but neither of his parents spoke of this, though it gave them pleasure to see it.

The next day was a busy scene at Mr. Courtland's; every body was employed in the preparations for the journey. Frank was rejoiced to find, that his father himself intended to take him; as he had

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proposed his going with a friend, who expected to have occasion to visit Boston about this time. Frank was indebted to his mother for this pleasure. Mr. Courtland found that it would lessen his wife's solicitude at parting with her son, to have his father go with him, and remain a short time, to ascertain whether he was contented ; and this decided him to relinquish his first plan.

At the tea table this evening, every one was very sober ; even the lively little Ann was silent. After tea, they all went to the piazza to look at the sky, which was brilliant with the setting sun.

'This promises a fair day for our journey,' said Mr. Courtland ; 'are you all ready Frank ?' but Frank could not answer ; and his mother turned away and went to her own chamber, for she did not wish to let Frank witness the effect of her feelings, lest his heart should fail him, when he came to bid her good bye. In a few minutes, she recovered her self-command, and returning to the parlour, told

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Frank she should like to call with him, on several of the neighbors, that he might take leave of them; particularly of Sam and his family. All were very sorry that Frank was to quit the village for so long a time. Sam, who, though a manly boy, was not much accustomed to self-control, wept aloud; and said he should have no one to study or to play with.

'I will write you letters, Sam,' said Frank, 'and tell you about all the fine things in Boston, and the school, and what sort of boys there are there. I shall not like any of them, I am sure, as well as I do you. Will you write to me?'

'Yes,' said Sam with more composure.

'Good bye,' said Frank.

Although Frank was to rise earlier than usual, the next morning; yet his parents unconsciously suffered his bed hour to pass by. They were engaged in conversation with him; impressing on his mind the importance of resolution and self-control, and endeavouring to acquaint him with the temptations and trials to which he

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would be exposed, among such a number of boys; many of whom, probably, had not been as carefully educated as himself; and who might have some bad habits and propensities, which Frank, without watchfulness on his part, would be in danger of imitating. At last, Mr. Courtland looked at his watch, and was surprised to find it almost ten o'clock.

When Frank went to his own room, his mother followed him. 'I will lock your trunk to night, Frank, and tie up your travelling bag, and place all your things in readiness, for fear you should oversleep yourself in the morning.'

'No I shan't, mother; I am not in the least sleepy, and feel as if I should not get to sleep till daylight.'

'This excitement will cause you to be very drowsy, after you have once been asleep,' said she.

'I have one more thing to put in your trunk,' added his mother; 'which I expect you to value very much, and take the greatest care of. You know you wished

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for a talisman the other night; here is one, whose power to preserve you from what I regard as the greatest danger, to which you are exposed, will I think prove effectual.'

'A real talisman! why, father told me there were no such things, except in fiction; where did you get it? will it really preserve me from harm as long as I keep it? Is there a charm in it?'

'You can judge for yourself as soon as you look at it. It is from moral harm; from the danger of temptation, to do what you know to be wrong, that I expect it to preserve you;—this is the harm from which I have ever been most anxious to guard you,—this is the harm which I most dread, when you are removed from my care and inspection.'

The talisman was contained in a small box. Frank took it out of his mother's hand, opened it and looked at it steadily for a moment, and then exclaimed, 'O, it is beautiful: it will, it will, mother, preserve me.'

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'Keep it safe, my son; consult it every night, when you go to bed; *it* will inform you if the day has been passed with innocence and improvement; if you can regard it with pleasure, you have nothing to fear; but if otherwise, attend to its admonitions;—do not let it appeal to you in vain.'

Frank's cheeks were wet with tears; his mother indulged herself in one long, close embrace, and uttering only 'God bless you,'—left the room. Frank was alone. He put the box in his trunk; far down, where he thought it would be safest, and locked the trunk, which his mother in her emotion had forgotten to do, and then remained a moment motionless. He had thoughts and feelings which he had never before experienced; and formed resolutions which it seemed to him, at that time, would never be broken. He then said his prayers with fervour and satisfaction; as soon as his head was on the pillow he fell asleep; and did not, as his mother had apprehended, wake, till

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called to breakfast. In a few moments, he made his appearance with a serious and satisfied air ; and when the stage drove up, went off with a far better grace, than his parents had anticipated.

We will not attempt to describe his mother's desolate feelings, when her husband and son were fairly out of sight. None of my young readers can estimate a mother's feelings, though they know that they are the kindest and truest in the world. Neither can we stop to tell about Frank's journey, lest the story should be too long. Every thing was new and engaging to him ; the weather was fine, and on the second day, they arrived just before sunset, at the door of Mrs. Willard, who was standing on the balcony with her two little girls, looking out for the coach.

Mrs. Willard's house was more elegantly furnished than any one Frank had ever seen. He was so much pleased in looking round on the pictures, mirrors, &c. that he did not feel so badly, as he had ex-

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pected. What he liked best to look at, however, was his Aunt, who was his mother's sister, and resembled her, though she was older and as Frank thought, not nearly so handsome. Her kind manner soon placed him at ease. She told him, she supposed he would like to change his dusty clothes, and refresh himself after so long a journey; and led him to a chamber, where he found his baggage had been already carried. A servant came to ask if he wished any assistance; but Frank, who had been accustomed to wait on himself, said 'no, I thank you, *Sir*;' which made the servant smile; for he perceived that Frank did not take him for a servant: —indeed, he was better dressed than most of the people whom Frank had ever seen. A consciousness of his mistake glanced across Frank's mind; and the thought that he should be taken for an ignorant country boy, made him blush. He unlocked his trunk, found every thing safe, even his talisman; at which he gave a look, and soon perceived that the mistake

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he had made with regard to the servant, was one he need not be ashamed of, he resumed his composure and was dressed and looked fresh and happy, when his Aunt called him to tea.

After tea, Mr. Courtland asked Frank if he should like to walk about a little, as he had been sitting in the coach all day. He said yes; and they went into the mall and common, which were near his Aunt's house. Though the twilight was fast fading away, the view looked beautifully; the grass was green, but the trees were not in full leaf; for they are elm trees, which are the last to show their foliage, and the earliest to lose it; a few willows near the pond were in leaf or rather in blow, as it is the blossom which appears first. Round the pond, were a group of boys; some running up and down the little hill on its border, others sailing boats and ships. 'How many boys!' said Frank.

'More than you ever saw in your whole life before,' said his father. 'I hope to see you playing in just such a group before many days.'

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The next morning, Mr. Courtland said to his son, 'I will devote this morning to shewing you something of the city; and after dinner, I will take you out to Mr. Reed's, for I wish you to be there a few days before my return, that I may tell your mother how you like it.'

'O do allow Frank to pass a day or two with us, before he goes to school,' said his Aunt; 'we wish to get acquainted with him a little. You shall take him round the town this morning, and in the afternoon we will all ride into the country, and let Frank see something of our vicinity, which you know, is thought equal to the environs of any city in the Union. It does not look as well now as it will a month hence, to be sure. We will call at Mr. Reed's on our return. They are friends of mine, you know, and we will introduce Frank to them, but not leave him there to night.'

'If you think this arrangement best, sister,' said Mr. Courtland, 'I will agree

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to it, although this will detain me some days longer. It will suit his mother, I imagine, no less than it will Frank.'

Frank felt his Aunt's kindness, and thanked her sincerely for her invitation. He said the plan certainly pleased him; for he expected to feel pretty badly when he went to school.

'I don't think you will, said his cousin Emily,—'it is a delightful place, and you will like Mr. and Mrs. Reed. Mr. Reed is a droll man; he always makes me laugh, whenever he comes here: he has so many diverting anecdotes to tell, about the boys. Do you remember the monkey he told us about, mother; which the boys had taught to take up slates, set sums on them, and then hand them to each boy, as he came up to the desk, just like the master.'

'I should not think Mr. Reed would like that; was not he angry,' said Frank.

'O no, indeed,' answered Emily; 'he is too good natured; the boys did not mean to take off Mr. Reed; but had the mon-

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key for their master, when they were playing school. One day, a gentleman entered the school room to speak to Mr. Reed, and the monkey followed; and when Mr. Reed left his desk, and went to the other side to meet the gentleman, up jumped the monkey in his place, and began to take up the slates which lay on the desk and set sums; and some boys went up to receive them, which made Mr. Reed and the stranger laugh very much. It took so long to get settled, and bring the school to order again, that they were obliged to keep in half an hour beyond the usual time, before all their recitations were finished. So the boys, Mr. Reed said, took good care that the monkey should not play any more of his tricks in school time.'

We need not tell any Boston children what Frank saw in his walk, or his ride; and perhaps not many others will ever read this story. They stopped at Mr. Reed's about 5 o'clock; which was the tea hour; and the bell was ringing and the

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boys flocking in. Mrs. Reed came to the door to meet her friend.

'You see,' said she, 'that it is just our tea time; for our children prefer having their supper as soon as school is out, that they may have the remainder of the afternoon to play, without interruption; and I like to accommodate them in these little matters.—Will you take your tea with them, or will you walk in the garden till it is over; and let us have our tea by ourselves?'

'I should prefer joining your family circle,' replied Mrs. Willard. 'I have brought my nephew to introduce to you, who is to be your scholar,—here he is; master Frank Courtland, Mrs. Reed.'

Mrs. Reed took his hand; 'you are welcome here, my little fellow, said she; we shall try to make you love us.'

Frank thought he had never been greeted so kindly by a stranger before; and he did not feel the least reluctance to take Mrs. Reed's hand, and accompany her to the tea room. There were collected boys

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of all sizes; most of them, however, about the age of Frank; they were all conversing very pleasantly and familiarly together; and appeared to be under no restraint, with Mr. and Mrs. Reed. One young gentleman had just come from town, and was giving an account of a fire which had taken place there the day before. It was a house of his cousin's; the fire had caught in the upper story and consumed that and the roof; but was extinguished before it did farther damage.

'Did it burn the house down, James?' said Mr. Reed.

'No; I think it burned the house up, Sir,' he replied.

Frank joined in the laugh which this little sally of wit excited; for it does not take much to make a group of boys laugh.

Mrs. Reed called two or three boys to her and introduced them to Frank; and told them to take him into the garden and play ground. The others soon followed. The mere sight of so many merry, lively

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fellows, was exhilerating to Frank; who had lived in retirement, and to whom society of his own age was a rare pleasure.

The young gentlemen into whose hands he was entrusted, were very polite and attentive. They did not laugh among themselves at any of Frank's peculiarities, or express surprise at his ignorance of many things, which they knew. Their manners were as much attended to as their minds. Mr. Reed told them he wished to live among gentlemen, as well as scholars.

They led Frank to their own gardens; each boy had a bed; and many had violets and hyacinths in blow, which they gathered and presented to Frank.

'What, have you all gardens?' said he; I am glad of that. I regretted very much leaving my garden, and still more my little sister's, of which I had the care: but I have left a kind friend behind, who has promised to be my gardener.'

'What is his name?'

'Sam Brown; he is a farmer's son, a very fine boy, and the only play-fellow I have had.'

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We have some farmer's sons in our school; they are clever fellows, and help us about our gardens, and we help them about their lessons. But should not you like to see *your* garden?'

'Mine!' said Frank; 'how came I to have a garden?'

'Why, a month ago, Mr. Reed told us, you were coming here in April; and said you were from the country, and would no doubt be fond of gardening; and so he told us that any of us who liked, might choose a spot, and get it ready, and put what we could find in it. Such a number of boys offered, that we had to draw lots; for Mr. R. said that four only should undertake it; and I am one of the four,' said the speaker: whose name was William Gardiner. 'We laid it out in four divisions, with a circle in the middle; and Mr. Reed said we might put roots in the circle; but that we must leave the beds empty, because you would like to plant them yourself.'

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Frank went to the spot, and found a rose bush in the centre, and the whole circle filled with roots. There was a beautiful crocus in blow, and strawberries and violets; with many other plants, which do not bloom till late in the season.

'I must bring out some seeds with me to plant,' said Frank.

'No, you need not,' said William Gardiner; 'we shall all give you some of ours, and that will make more than you will want.'

'Youare very kind,' said Frank, 'I told my friend Sam, when I left home, that I did not think I should see any boys, whom I should like as well as him; but I suspect I shall find myself mistaken. What is that frame and those posts for?' said Frank.

'O, that is our gymnasium; did you never hear of gymnastics?'

'No, what are they?'

'Why, I don't wonder he never has heard of them,' said Tom Blanchard; it

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is a new thing here. This was put up only last fall.'

'It is to teach us various sorts of exercise, climbing, jumping, &c.' said Albert Lawrence. 'Do you see that tall pole? I believe I can climb up to the top, though it is smooth.' He immediately ran off, and to Frank's astonishment, ascended the pole, which was 30 feet high, and when he had reached the top, took off his cap, swung it, and put it on again, and came down in safety. A few minutes after, Emily came out and called, 'cousin Frank, we are going home now.'

'What already,' said Frank? And he took a friendly leave of the boys, who begged him to come out soon.

When they were in the carriage, Mr. Courtland asked Frank if the place answered his expectations.

'O yes, it is pleasanter than I expected; and I admire the boys; will they always be as kind, I wonder?'

'Perhaps not,' said Mr. Courtland; 'people are usually polite to strangers.'

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'I suspect you will always find them so, Frank,' said his aunt. 'I have been there a great deal, and think it the most harmonious family I ever knew. They have so many occupations and amusements, and Mr. and Mrs. Reed are so familiar and affectionate, that all their talents and good feelings are called forth. They have no time for weariness, and rarely any cause of dissatisfaction.'

After two more days had elapsed, Frank's father asked him if he was then willing to go to school; and he answered 'yes,' without any hesitation. It was proposed that he should come into town, and pass Sunday with his aunt, whenever he felt inclined.

'If you are a good walker, Frank,' said she, 'you will always find companions; many of the boys walk in and out the same day, although it is four miles.'

'O, that is nothing,' said Frank; 'I have walked ten miles in a day, many a time.'

Frank took a cheerful leave of his aunt

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and cousins, and even of his father, who told him he should be out, once or twice before he returned home. The boys came up to welcome Frank, as soon as he arrived; and told him they were glad he had come to stay. For the next day was a holiday, and they were going into the woods to collect wild flowers and evergreens.

Frank had a bed to himself, and William Gardiner had another in the same room. William told him there were four in some of the apartments; and that after they came up at night, they could talk till ten o'clock, if they wished, provided they were not noisy; and that they took this time to settle all their plans.

'We have a great many plans,' said William, 'and some of the boys agree to them, and some do not; some are fond of fun, and don't mind a little mischief; and some are cowardly fellows, whom we can't get to undertake anything, unless it is so plain and easy, that there is no fun in it.'

Frank did not exactly understand the

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drift of this speech, except that he perceived that William called those cowardly boys, who minded doing a little mischief. Frank had always thought the fear of doing wrong, was a praise-worthy feeling; but he had not the resolution to tell William so, lest he should class him at once, with the cowardly boys.

'Now,' said William, 'if you are a boy of spirit, I will tell you a plan we have for to-morrow.'

Frank had omitted to take his talisman out of his trunk that night, as he did not wish to look at it before any one: the image of it, however, was strongly impressed on his mind; and this idea inspired him with resolution, not to join in any plan, he thought wrong.

'I do not know what you call spirit,' said Frank; 'but I am not afraid of doing any thing, because it is difficult or dangerous, if it is not wrong.' These remarks made William hesitate to communicate his plan to Frank. At last he said, 'Will you promise not to tell, if you

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don't choose to join? you must know we all hate tell-tales; and a boy would have no comfort here, who told.'

'I shall never be a tell-tale,' said Frank; 'I dislike them myself; they are mean fellows. I promise not tell,' added he, his curiosity much excited.

'You know,' said William, 'we are all, (that is, a great many of us) going into the woods to get evergreens to make arbours of, and to set out in our play ground; we do this very often, and some of the trees take root; there are six alive, which was set out last fall.'

'That may be,' said Frank; 'for fall is the best time to set out trees.'

'I believe it is not for evergreens,' said William; 'but that is no matter, for if they do not live, we have the pleasure of getting them, which is the thing we care most for. Well, we are going off early, soon after breakfast, and stay till sunset. We are to take some cakes, crackers, and cheese, for our dinner. Mrs. Reed, who

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you must know, if you have not found it out already, is kindness itself, has provided them for us, on condition that we will not buy nuts or raisins, or such things at the store, because some of the boys have been made sick by them. We have promised her we would not buy any thing, but oranges; and when we make Mrs. Reed a promise, we always keep it through thick and thin.'

'It is very wrong to break a promise to any body,' said Frank.

'So it is,' replied William; 'I don't like to make a promise, and so I seldom make one, for I hate to be tied down to any thing. But I mustmake haste, and tell you, or it will strike ten, and then we must all be mum.'

'Now when we get up into the woods, we want to have a little fun, as well as work; and after we have got our trees, and some wild flowers, we are going to send up a balloon.'

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'A balloon!' exclaimed Frank, 'can boys manage a balloon?'

'Hush, don't speak so loud—you promise not to tell, and I will inform you all about it. A man in Boston makes paper balloons to send up on election days, Independence, and such days; some of us boys have clubbed together, and got money enough to buy a small one, and the materials for filling it with gas. I want to send up a cat in it; but James Alcott is such a chicken-hearted fellow, he will not consent, and I suppose we must give that up.'

'Where *is* the balloon,' said Frank.

'Where you would never guess—in this room, folded up very snug, in a box in my trunk. Now you know we must have some fire, to make the gas, and that we could not get in the woods.'

'Why, yes you could,' said Frank, 'with a tinder box. Sam Brown, and I have made many a fire in the woods, in that way.'

'This is too much trouble, besides we

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have not any tinder box. But I have bought a box of phosphoric matches, which take fire spontaneously, as it is called; that is, right off, as soon as they come to the air. I was afraid to bring them into the house, for Mrs. Reed has told us never to bring any here; she had the bedclothes set on fire by a box, a boy once had in his room. I have put them under a stone in one corner of the play ground. When we get to the wood, we shall make a halt, and choose a captain who is to command the rest; then the captain will say, we have a plan for some fun, all those who join, come on my right, and those who do not, on my left. There is the clock striking ten, so I can't tell any more; you will see the rest to-morrow, but not a word of it to any one. Good night.'

Frank could not go to sleep immediately; the communication William had made, perplexed him very much; he did not clearly see any thing wrong in it; he was just going to ask him, if Mr. Reed

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knew of their project, but remembered that not another word could be said.

His thoughts naturally turned to home, and he wished himself there, quietly laid in his own room, without doubts or hopes in his mind. 'My mother told me I should meet with many temptations, to do what I thought wrong. I wonder if this is going to be one of them. I will look at my talisman: 'let it not appeal to you in vain,' were her last words that night.' Frank joined to these reflections a sincere prayer for assistance from God, for the welfare of his parents, and dear little sister, and fell asleep.

Morning came; William did not speak of the subject of their last night's conversation; Frank, who was modest, and a stranger, did not like to introduce it. At one time, he thought of not joining the party to the woods; he knew that if he remained at home, he should be far from the temptation, whatever it might be: but he did not know what reason to give, for declining a proposal, with which he

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seemed so much pleased, the night before; he feared that he should be regarded as one of the cowardly boys, and get a bad name, the first thing, on coming to the school. He was called out of his room, suddenly, and did not look at his talisman; and after breakfast, joined the schollars in the play ground, without having come to any decision.

They all took it for granted, that he was going, and called on him to assist them in making preparations. Mr. Reed had lent them his hand-cart, in which they placed their knives, axes, hoes, and their baskets of provision, some tin tumblers, and a pitcher, to get water from the brook. Frank looked in vain for the box containing the balloon, and began to think the project had been abandoned. Presently William Gardiner called out,

'Boys, let's take some of our cloaks to sit on, or in case it would rain, or be chilly. I will run up and get mine; shall I bring your's, Frank?'

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'O no, I scarcely ever need a cloak, and the weather is very fine to day.'

Several boys, however, approved the proposal, and William Gardiner offered to fetch them all from their rooms. He soon came out, with a large bundle of cloaks; then giving three cheers, off they started, fifteen of them. The others were either too young, to engage in such an expedition, or had gone to pass the holiday with their friends in town.

When they had proceeded about two miles, drawing the cart by turns, they halted, as William had described, and after some altercation, choose Albert Lawrence for captain. He was a tall, manly-looking boy, and as soon as the choice was made, took an epaulet out of the cart, which he said they had put in for the captain, and fastened it on his shoulder, and a cane, which he shouldered like a gun. The address was then made, but nothing was announced, as to the nature of the plan.

Only five boys remained on the left side. Frank was not one of these; almost un-

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consciously when he saw the majority start for the captain's right side, he went too. William Gardiner seized his hand; 'you are the right sort—one of the brave ones; I see I was not mistaken,' and he gave a significant nod to the captain. Although this speech was made with a look of approbation and kindness, it did not excite such a pleasant feeling in Frank, as the approving smile of his friends had always done before, and he made no reply.

'You who will not agree to join us, must promise not to tell,' said the captain; 'for if you do, we will never forgive you, nor speak to you again. Promise solemnly.' They all promised, well knowing that their residence in the school would be intolerable, under the odium of the character of tale bearers. The captain added, 'we shall work first, and play last. First, we must get all our trees, roots, and flowers, and fill the cart; then, we will meet on the flat rock, at the top of yonder hill, and eat our dinner, and then I will

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explain, and hope you will consent to join the majority.'

When this was accomplished, and the feast spread out, the boys became merry, and talkative. The captain in an insinuating way, divulged their purpose, and produced the box containing the balloon, from among the bundles of cloaks, which as Frank now perceived, were taken only for the sake of concealing it. The phosphoric matches were then displayed; the method of inflating the balloon described; and its beautiful appearance and ascent represented, in glowing language. All were excited and exclaimed, 'let us see it, let us see it.' When it was opened, and the gay colours and streamers met the view, their pleasure rose still higher, one or two of those who refused at first to join in the plan, now said, they saw no harm in it, and that they should like to see it go up.

'That is as you please,' said the captain—'if you stay to see it go up, you are each one of us, and take your share in the

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blame and the danger; if you will not run this risk, file off to the other end of the wood, and amuse yourselves with picking flowers; for you had better keep your eyes on the ground; it will go up so high in the air, that you can't help seeing it, if you look up; and this you will have to own, should any one ask if you saw the balloon.'

'Perhaps it will never be heard of,' said one.

'I shall take care of that, replied William Gardiner, if it goes well. I have written a paragraph already, which I intend to put in the newspaper, describing the ascent of a beautiful and mysterious balloon, which, it is presumed, must have come from the clouds, and contain a heavenly visitant, as no trace or account of it whatever, can be found on the earth.'

'That will set people a guessing well,' said one of the group.

'Now let us begin to prepare; there is no time to be lost,' said the captain. 'You ten, who came on my right this

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morning, I count my own, if you are true men; for a deserter is a meaner fellow than a coward.'

Whatever good resolutions, were rising in Frank's mind, were all put down, by this last remark.

'I say,' said Thomas Blanchard, one of the five, 'I see no harm in setting off a balloon for our amusement, if we had asked Mr. Reed's consent, and if it were not for the fire; but you know, Gardiner, we have been forbid to take fire into the woods, ever since the time, when we liked to have burned up the country, by leaving some there, which kindled and spread so fast, it might not have been extinguished, but for a lucky shower; and you know, I promised Mr. Reed I would have nothing to do with fire, in the woods again; and he said as I was the ringleader, if I did not, he should hope the others would not.'

'There is more than one ringleader in the school, luckily for the cause of fun,' said Gardiner. 'But if you have prom-

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ised, there is an end of it—start off. The only reason why we did not tell of the balloon, was on account of the fire. But *we* made no promise. So we are not obliged to keep any. We only listened, but did not speak. Besides, that was in August, when every thing was as dry as tinder; there is no chance of burning any thing at this early season. Move off with your five righteous, they can't save the city.'

Owing to the resolution of Tom Blanchard, those who with himself had in the morning kept on the left side, slowly took their departure. Frank respected, and envied the little band; but that word *deserter* rung in his ears, and he remained.

After his choice was irrevocably fixed, he endeavoured to frame excuses for his conduct.

'It was no project of mine,' said he to himself; 'I have not been forbidden to take fire into the woods; I was a stranger to the rules of the school; who can blame me for what I had taken no share in?'

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These considerations put an end to any farther effort, to take the right course, but did not restore his tranquility, or enable him to enter into the frolic, with as much relish as the others, who as soon as the five were out of sight, appeared to be relieved from all restraint, and immediately commenced their operations.

What was William Gardiner's dismay, when he found that he had omitted to put up a part of the direction for inflating the balloon.

'This is a pretty business, indeed,' said Albert Lawrence, 'to spoil all our fun, by such carelessness; what can you have done with it?'

'I don't know; it was on two pieces of paper, and only one of them is here. In my hurry this morning, to get the box safely into the cart, I must have left the other in my trunk.'

Frank at first rejoiced at this accident; but the disappointment evinced by his companions, excited his sympathy.

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'Don't any of you know how it ought to be done?' said the captain. 'He shall be king forever if he can tell. Did not you attend a course of chemical lectures, last winter, William.'

'Yes, and it was that which first put it into my head, to have a balloon; I wish I had been a little more attentive to the lectures, though, and then I should have remembered how to fill it; but the truth was, I only went to see the experiments.'

Frank was acquainted with the process; his mother had taught it to him, together with many other things in chemistry; and whatever she taught him, he had learned thoroughly. He perceived at once, that here was an opportunity of obliging his companions, making himself popular, and of showing off his superior learning. Vanity filled his heart, he forgot every other consideration.

'Will you let me read the part, which you have?' said Frank.

'Why, do you know any thing about

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it?' asked the captain, with an air of surprise.

'I believe I do,' said Frank.

He then went on, and stated with clearness and accuracy, the whole process. The manner of all the boys towards him, was changed at once, and they treated him with marked attention.

'I told you he was a right one, and a *wise* one, too, only you were not acquainted with him,' said William Gardiner. 'I saw it the first day he came out. Come King Francis the first, issue your orders; we are your willing and obedient slaves.'

Frank now entered heart and hand into the business; all his scruples were forgotten. He directed each step in the process. All was successful. The balloon ascended with a graceful, easy motion; floated awhile over their heads, the streamers dancing in the breeze, then rose so high, as to be a mere speck—afterwards, it took a horizontal direction, and having traversed the air, during half an hour, rapidly descended, and fell, they could not see exactly where.

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When it first sprung up, a most exhilerating shout issued from the group, then in perfect silence, they all followed with their eyes, every motion of the graceful form, and when it was gone, Frank was the first to exclaim, 'was it not glorious!' 'Glorious! glorious!' they all uttered. There seemed to be no damper to their enjoyment; each one talked as fast as he could, of its grace, beauty, motion and colour; and every now and then, turning to Frank, they said,

'It is all owing to you; was it not worth coming for? I am glad you did not move off with that cowardly band, we should have lost all our fun.'

Frank's heart did not echo this sentiment, and his former feelings returned; his sense of duty was too keen to leave him in quiet possession of his triumph, and he said nothing to all their congratulations. Some of the boys thought this was owing to modesty, but William Gardiner suspected the true cause.

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All marks of the proceeding were carefully obliterated, and the spot covered with stones, both for the purpose of concealment, and to note the scene of their festivity. At half an hour before sunset, the whole party met at the foot of the hill, where they had left their cart. No questions were asked by the smaller number, when they came up. They had gathered a large basket full of wild flowers, which they had laid in wet towels, to keep them fresh, that they might present them to Mrs. Reed. She was very fond of flowers, and usually had her parlour ornamented with them, from the earliest in spring, to the latest of autumn. These wild flowers reminded Frank of his mother, for whom he had so often gathered them, and a sadness came over him.

'I wish I had gathered some for Mrs. Reed,' exclaimed he.

'Do you,' said Tom Blanchard; 'I will give you a bunch of mine.'

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'No, I thank you, I cannot tell her I gathered them myself.'

'That's honest,' said the captain; 'no, let the boys have their flowers, they have a right to all the praise.'

When they reached home, it was after sunset. Mrs. Reed was at the door.

'I am glad to see you all safe at last,' said she; 'I began to be a little anxious; I hope you have enjoyed yourselves.'

'O yes,' said several, 'we had a royal time.'

Tom brought forth the basket of flowers, and presented them to Mrs. Reed.

'All these for me,' said she; 'you have been very industrious in my behalf. I am pleased to be remembered when absent. I thank you all, for I suppose all have contributed.'

Tom only made a low bow, and retired.

'Tom is generous,' whispered William Gardiner, 'to let us share in the credit of the flowers, is he not Lawrence?'

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'How is my young friend, Frank Courtland?' said Mrs. Reed. 'It seems to me, you look sober; I hope you like our rural sports; perhaps you are fatigued.'

'Not in the least,' said Frank.

'Then it may remind you a little too much of home; your father has been here, and was pleased to hear you were gone on the party, and said you would be in your element in the woods. I told him I was glad that he was not uneasy at our letting you go away, for a whole day, with so many wild fellows'—he said 'no, he believed he might trust to his son's discretion; at least, he should never know, till he had put him to the trial.'

These words were daggers to Frank's heart; but he was obliged to command himself, and Mrs. Reed perceiving that the mention of his father, had affected him, changed the subject, and inquired about the manner, in which they had passed the day.

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Albert Lawrence and William Gardiner were the spokesmen. They gave an animated and amusing account, of their journey to the wood, and various little adventures in cutting down, and cutting up the trees, and roots—of their feast on the flat-rock, &c. They told nothing that was not strictly true; and with this degree of honesty, appeared to satisfy their consciences, and to feel no compunction for the important part, which they had entirely omitted. They made out incident and occupation enough apparently, to fill the day. Mrs. Reed listened with interest and pleasure, to the account, and bestowed on them a smile, to which Frank wished from the bottom of his heart, that he could feel himself entitled.

Frank retired to his own room, before his companions, and his first impulse was to get his talisman, which he had not looked at for ten days. But a strong disinclination to open the box, arose in his mind. When at last he got resolution to do this, the sight brought compunction

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to his heart, such as he had never known before.

'It is deception that I have been guilty of,' was the distinct feeling of his mind. 'I never have deceived before. I am not as my mother has often called me, an honest boy; nobody deserves that name, who is not above all deception. Why am I alone here, without a friend? what can I do? it will weigh upon my mind, and I have no one to consult; if Tom Blanchard was not so much older than I am, I could consult him; yet he is such a stranger. If I write about it to mother, it will grieve her too much. If we are found out, I shall never be willing to stay here another day. I will repent of my fault; I will pray for pardon; I will be more watchful of myself; I will never omit to consult my talisman again.'

These ideas, passed rapidly, and some of them indistinctly, through Frank's mind, in much less time, than it would take any one, to read them. He heard the steps of the boys, coming up to bed,

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shut his trunk, assumed a more composed aspect, and began to undress.

'Don't go to bed yet,' said William Gardiner, as he entered the room, 'we are going to set in Albert's chamber a little while, and talk over things.'

Frank followed, almost unconsciously.

'Did not we make a good account of our day,' said Gardiner.

'It was good, as far as it went,' answered Frank, 'but it was not a true one.'

'I should be glad to be informed what there was in it untrue?'

'The part you did not tell,' said Frank. 'I am sorry to offend any of you, but I shall not be satisfied with myself, unless I declare, that I think we have done wrong; and if it were not for betraying my companions, I should confess the whole to Mr. Reed, bad as it would make me feel; but I will never lisp a word of it to any one. I hope Gardiner, you will not put that paragraph in the paper, for that will excite attention, and I think we may never hear of it again.'

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'I have not any very serious intention of doing that,' said Gardiner, smiling; 'and I agree with you, that the less there is said of it, the better for us. We had a grand time; it went off nobly. You are a freshman, Frank; when you have been longer among boys, you will get used to their pranks, and not mind a little concealment. I think as much of honour, as any body need to, and would not tell a lie, or break a promise, to escape a good flogging; but there is no fun, when every thing is done in open day-light.'

Notwithstanding these, and other reckless expressions of Gardiner, and Lawrence, they could not disguise to themselves, the increased respect which they felt for Frank, in consequence of his bold avowal of his sentiment, and it would never have occurred to them, at that moment, to have called Frank a coward.

Frank's secret mortification at his fault did not wear off, and he gradually assumed a shy and reserved manner, towards Mr. and Mrs. Reed, which disappointed them,

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as he had appeared very frank the first time they saw him, and they were afraid he was not contented. Mrs. Reed, however, in time, gained his confidence, by her gentle and judicious conduct. She did not press him to converse either with herself, or any one else. She suggested objects of curiosity and enterprise, which drew him out, and displayed the quickness of his intellect, and the delicacy of his feelings. It must be owned, Frank became a favorite with her. This refinement, and even his reserve, interested her, and he was a frequent companion of her walks and rides.

In one of these excursions, when Frank was driving Mrs. Reed in their little waggon, Miss Reed, a neice of hers, who was also in the carriage, said, 'do aunt, if you go near the spot, call and see how old widow Black's granddaughter is.'

'What is the matter with her?'

'Why, have you not heard? it is a very strange thing. She went up into the woods to get spruce, winter green, an-

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herbs for her grandmother, to make that nice beer, which you know she sells to travellers, who pass by her hut; there she trod on something, which set her stocking on fire, for she had a large hole in her shoe; she stamped, and stamped on it; but this did not put it out, but only made it burn more, and she had the thought to run as fast as she could to the brook, which, fortunately, was not far off. She put her foot in the water, and this relieved the pain, and as she believed, extinguished the fire; but as soon as she took it out of the water, it burnt again, and it never occurred to her to take off her stocking, till she reached home, dreadfully burned, and she has been unable to move a step, since.'

'Oh dear!' exclaimed Frank, with an emotion, which struck both the ladies, as very peculiar, 'do go to see her. I have a recipe for a burn. My mother told me always to keep it in my pocket-book; it is very efficacious, even after the wound has been made some time.'

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The tears rolled down Frank's cheeks, in spite of all his efforts to check them. He remembered, the phosphoric matches, and could not doubt it must have been some of these carelessly dropped, and so covered, as not to get to the air, till the little girl had disturbed them, with her foot, which caused the mischief.

They stopped at the hut, and found the child as described.

'It is a very mysterious thing,' said the old woman; 'did you ever hear before, ma'am, of fire, which water would not put out?'

'Yes,' replied Mrs. Reed; 'there is a substance, called phosphorus, which, although kept under water, for a long time, will burn as soon as it comes into the air, and by stamping on a small piece, it is spread about, and burns quicker. I don't see, however, how this could have got into the woods.'

The girl was suffering a great deal. Frank produced his recipe, but the ingredients were not to be found in this hum-

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ble abode, nor could they be obtained nearer than the apothecary's, in the village.

'May I run back for them,' said Frank?

'What, three miles!' said Mrs, Reed, 'no, there is not time; but we will ride back, as quick as possible, and send for them.'

'And then may I return, and bring them?' asked Frank, with great earnestness.

'Why, you are a noble young gentleman,' said the grandmother, 'to take so much pains for us poor folks.'

Frank felt more ashamed, than pleased, at this praise, his heart telling him all the while, that he was making but imperfect reperation for his fault.

When they got home, he ran to the apothecary's, with the prescription. It took some time to make the preparation, and it was nearly dark, before he returned. Mr. Reed said it was too late to trust Frank so far alone, as there was no moon

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'Then let one of the big boys go with me; let Tom Blanchard go.'

'Why, you are very earnest, my little fellow,' said Mrs. Reed.

'Mrs. Reed thinks it will answer to-morrow morning.'

'I will walk there, and back again, if you are afraid to trust me with the horse.'

'No,' said Mr. Reed, 'what should I say to your father, if any accident happened to you? I will let my man Amos, go on horseback, and take it; there is no need of any one's accompanying him; he knows the place.'

It was a disappointment to Frank, not to go, for he wanted to give the little girl some money; yet he did not like to send it.

'I must go,' said he, inadvertently.

'What is it makes you so eager in this affair,' asked Mr. Reed; 'it is quite unusual for you.'

Frank made no answer, for he could not tell the truth. Mr. Reed then turned

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away; and William Gardiner, who had gathered the story by listening to their conversation, came to Frank, and whispered in his ear, 'they will guess something, if you appear so earnest.'

Frank said no more. Amos took the medicine, and did not get back, till after Frank was in bed.

The next day, Frank longed to ask permission to go and inquire after the little girl, but had not courage. Mrs. Reed, remembering his feeling, the day before, proposed going, and asked him to drive her. When they arrived, Frank had the satisfaction to find that the application had allayed the pain, and would evidently cure the burn.

Frank went to the girl, and gave her a dollar, and begged her to accept it from him.

'I must first ask grandmother,' said she; which she did immediately.

'That is a large sum,' said Mrs. Reed, who was attracted by the little girl's question, to her grandmother. 'That is a

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large sum for you to give away; how came you to have so much?'

'My father,' answered Frank, 'said that I should have a dollar a month, while I was at school, for pocket expenses; I shall be able to do without, till next month. I would rather give it to her, than do any thing else with it.'

'I believe,' said Mrs. Reed, 'you could not give it where it is more needed, and as you sacrifice your own pleasure, merely, in making the donation, I shall not object.'

'That I shan't,' said Frank, in the same emphatic manner, which she had observed the evening before, and which appeared quite unaccountable to her.

They then took leave, after promising to call again the next time they rode that way.

Though Frank knew that money was a poor compensation for the little girl's pain, and could not obliterate the recollection of the circumstance which occasioned it, from his mind, yet the consciousness of

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having made a personal sacrifice, was the most satisfactory feeling he had experienced since the unfortunate day of the balloon.

Frank looked at his talisman, with more pleasure than he had done, since that time, and he began to resume his cheerfulness, and to make greater improvements in his studies. The mysterious way, in which the little girl's foot was burned, was several times alluded to, and the boys who had shared in the balloon, felt in jeopardy, whenever this happened, but the balloon itself was never heard of. It had probably caught in the tops of some trees, in a distant and unfrequented wood.

Lawrence, Gardiner, and the other boys, who had joined in the plan, soon ceased to feel any compunction, for the deed, and engaged in new projects of diversion, some of them innocent, while in others, they betrayed the want of nice, moral feeling, so rarely found, in those

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whose early impressions have not been carefully watched.

Frank, however, never forgot the lesson. It was a long time before he could even look at his talisman, without recurring to it, painfully, and seeing a stain on his character, which before, had been unblemished.

We must pass over many weeks, and even months, of Frank's school life, during which time, he had become quite domesticated, in Mr. Reed's family, and felt as much at ease there, as he did at home. His attachment to Mrs. Reed, had increased as his father had predicted, and he acknowledged that he loved her, now, next to his mother, and not such a great distance between them, either. I shall only insert one or two letters, written by Frank, during this period.

'DEAR MOTHER,

I do not wonder that you thought my last letter formal, for I wrote it on composition day, that is, on Thursday morning. All the scholars

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write something; either choose a theme, or write a letter to one of their friends. They show their composition to the master, who corrects it, and awards to each, so many merits. I got quite a high mark for that letter, though I believe it was for the hand writing. I knew it was not the least like such an one, as I should write, all by myself. I told Mrs. Reed what you said about it, and she advised me, to write to you in play hours, not show it to any one, and tell you every thing I could think of. So I have determined to write my play hour letters to you, mother, and my composition letters to father; and if you do not think this is treating you fair, I will now and then, write a composition letter to you; but I do not know as I shall ever venture to send one of the other kind, to father.

I suppose you will excuse me for telling you, that I am second of all the school, in arithmetic, as nobody else will tell you, and it will please you very much to know it. We had a trial of skill the other day;

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each took the same sum, it was a dreadful hard one, each began at the same moment. William Gardiner, who is fourteen years old, finished his first; I handed mine up second; when they were all done, Mr. Reed examined them, and only twelve were right, out of twenty; and mine was one of those which had 'correct' written on it. Mr. Reed praised me very much, and said I had paid great attention to his instructions, in cyphering, and that if the other boys had been as attentive, they might, at least, have equalled one so much younger than many of them. I was delighted when Mr. Reed spoke of my success at table, and praised me to Mrs. Reed, and after dinner, she came up to me, and took my hand, and said, in such a kind manner, 'I am glad you have gained so much credit, Frank.' I did feel elated, I must own, mother. When I went up to my room, at night, I took out my talisman: as soon as I put my eyes on it, I perceived the reason of my doing the sum right, and where the praise was due. It

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was to you, who took such pains, just before I left home, to make me perfect in the four first rules of arithmetic, so that let me cypher in what rule I may, I am sure to get right, because I never miss in adding, subtracting, multiplying or dividing; and the truth is, I have been less *attentive* to Mr. Reed's instructions in arithmetic, than most of the others, because I knew so well, for he takes great pains in this branch. After looking on my talisman a few moments, I was no longer at a loss what I ought to do, and though it was rather disagreeable, I resolved on it.

I had not the courage to apply to Mr. Reed, but I went to Mrs. Reed, and told her, I did not deserve the praise of being more attentive to arithmetic than the other boys; for in the whole, I had been less so, and that several of those who failed yesterday, had been very attentive; and then I explained how it happened, that I did the sum, and asked her to tell Mr. Reed, that although the boys did not succeed as well as myself, yet they de-

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served as much praise for attention. This was in the morning, and I believe she told Mr. Reed after school; for at dinner this day, he began and said—'young gentlemen, I owe you an apology. I find you have been quite as attentive in your arithmetic, as Frank Courtland has;' and then he repeated what I had said, but added he, this 'ingenuousness deserves still higher praise, than what I bestowed yesterday. If Frank Courtland is not the best arithmetician, is he not the most honest boy in the school?' 'Yes sir, yes sir,' they all called out, and clapped their hands loud enough to stun us. This is the happiest moment I have had, since I left home; and if you knew some things which I cannot tell you, then you would understand why it delighted me so exceedingly, to be called an honest boy.

I have been three days, writing this letter, and yet I have not said half I want to say. I must beg you to excuse the writing, for I have written a good deal of it on the steps of the barn door, a shady

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place, where I often sit with my port-folio, you made me, and my little pocket ink-stand. Love to Sam, I hope he has received my last letter; love to father, and a kiss to little Ann.

Your affectionate Son,

FRANK.'

'DEAR SAM,

I thank you for your long letter. I am glad you have written to me at last; for I began to think you never would. You need not have waited till you could write a better hand; for I am not obliged to show the letters I receive, unless I choose. I did show yours, because it was written so well. Mr. Reed said, that it did you great credit and also your instructor; so I thought I would tell him that it was mother who had taught you. He said he wished he could have another of mother's pupils in his school; and I wish to my heart you *could* come. There are many clever boys here. I like some of them very much; but they

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think differently from you and I in many respects. They get into scrapes and get out of them wonderfully. They used to lead me into them, when I first came ; but they don't invite me now, for they know I will not join them, if I think it wrong. They are good boys on the whole ; and William Gardiner and Albert Lawrence are so brave and droll, and kind, that I can't help liking them ; and so do all the boys. Thomas Blanchard is an excellent fellow, though rather serious ; he is three years older than I am. He helped me very much about my latin, when I first came, or I am sure, I never should have got along ; for it is harder than any thing I ever learned ; and you must not suppose that it is as easy to learn a thing at school, as with mother ; for you know how much patience she has, and how clear she makes it before she has done. I am glad you continue your studies with mother, for I know you are very desirous of learning, and it must be a great amusement to her.

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As Tom Blanchard was so kind in helping me to get my latin lessons, I have taught him to draw. You will wonder how I could do this, since I know so little myself. I remembered mother's instructions and repeated them to him, and lent him my pencils and all my patterns; he is such a genius, that he has got on far before me, and draws very prettily. He has taken a view of Mr. Reed's house and garden for me. As I know you would like to see what a pleasant place I live in, I am going to send it to you. Tom says, he shall not be affronted. Will you shew it to mother? and tell sister Ann, that if she can write as well as you tell of, I wish she would write me a letter. I should be proud to shew one from a little sister, six years old.

I had no chance to send this letter the day I wrote; therefore I will fill the sheet.

We had a grand time, the day before yesterday. It was the fourth of July; we wished very much to celebrate it, and asked Mr. Reed a month before it came, to

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let us have some music, and invite the young ladies of this village, and some from Boston, and have a dance. Mrs. Reed begged him to consent, and so he did. My cousins came, and a great many more; and William Gardiner thought my cousin Emily was the prettiest girl in the room. I had a share in planning a very pleasant part of the entertainment. I proposed to Gardiner, Lawrence, and some of our best fellows, that after we had danced some time, we should take the musicians out among the trees in the garden; and that while the company were sitting down to rest, they should strike up some fine tunes, which would attract them to the door, and into the garden; and then we would have a number of sky rockets sent up, all at once, from the bottom of the garden. We boys were to club and pay for the rockets, and no one else was to know a lisp of the plan. I insisted on asking Mr. Reed's leave; but we wanted to surprise Mrs. Reed, so she was not told of it.

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Mr. Reed consented on condition that we would take our allowance of spending money, and not incur any further expense, to which we agreed. And then we thought of another thing, which made it very pretty. We formed an arbour of evergreen branches and flowers and hung in it some coloured lamps, which William Gardiner procured in town; for he is a capital fellow to do any thing that he sets about. Tom Blanchard made a transparency, and wrote on it, 'In honor of Mrs. Reed,' which was to be put over the entrance of the arbour. But Albert Lawrence and some others said this was not appropriate; as it was the fourth of July, we ought to have something about independence. I thought they were right, though I was sadly disappointed, that we could not pay the compliment to Mrs. Reed. Tom altered the motto, and put the word independence on it.

The sky rockets went off grandly, and the arbour looked beautifully when it was lighted. Mrs. Reed and some of the la-

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dies sat in it, and we handed them some fruit and flowers, of both which we had a great variety and abundance from the garden. If you do not know what coloured lamps or transparancies are, I will tell you when I come home, or you can ask mother. I shall have enough to tell you; we are always having some pleasant thing on foot; but we are obliged to study very hard, to procure these indulgences; for they are all given as rewards. I found this studying very tiresome when I first came: yet now I am used to it, I can do more in an hour, than I could in a forenoon at home.

Please to give my respects to your father and mother and brothers. Your affectionate friend, FRANK.'

The summer months passed rapidly away.—Frank continued to meet with temptations, which as he usually had the strength to resist them, served to confirm his self-controul. If, as was now and then the case, he was betrayed into vanity,

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peevishness or imprudence, the sight of his faithful talisman brought conviction of the error to his mind, and inspired him with resolution, to make all the reparation in his power. The boys all loved and respected him; and many, who from timidity used to join a party they disapproved, were now emboldened, by his example, to abide by their better judgment, and mischievous projects became gradually less popular in the school.

Frank was spirited and active, and never refused to join in any thing however hazardous or fatiguing, provided it was not dishonorable. No one would venture to say, he wanted courage or ingenuity; though William Gardiner and a few others, still persevered in asserting, that he was squeamish; and they ascribed this to his having been kept during the first years of his life, out of the society of boys of his own age. The purity and moral sensibility which were by this means preserved in his character, more than compensated for any little defects,

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which the retirement of his childhood had occasioned. His kind and judicious parents had selected the right moment to change the influence to which he had been subjected; and had sent him from home when his principles had gained sufficient strength to resist the danger, to which a contact with others less pure than himself, might expose them; and before any bad habits or narrow views had become fixed in his character.

One such boy in a large school, so attractive in his manners and disposition, and at the same time, so inflexible in virtue, is of inestimable value. Their good influence over the other boys, the majority of whom are of that uncertain class who always follow a leader, and whose destiny depends on their finding a good or a bad one, cannot be too highly appreciated. Mr. Reed was fully aware of this, and it was with great pleasure that he communicated to his wife, a letter he had received from Mr. Courtland, requesting that Frank might return home to pass the

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autumn vacation, and engaging a place for him for the next term.

We shall only relate one more of the many little incidents which occurred to Frank, during this summer, and then take our leave.

'Frank,' said Mr. Reed one pleasant afternoon, 'you like a long walk; will you do me the favor to take this letter to Squire Brazer's and get an answer? It must go to night.'

'Yes, with pleasure,' answered Frank; and took his hat.

'You would like a companion?'

'If you please. Shall I ask William Gardiner?'

'You need not hurry yourselves; but take a pleasant walk and pick blackberries by the way; only get home by dark.'

The boys walked on a mile or two, stopping now and then to gather berries, and some of the last wild roses, which yet remained, in a few sequestered spots; and conversing very pleasantly, when they approached an old house, standing

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back from the road, and nearly concealed by a row of elm trees. At the fence, by the road side, was standing very quietly, though not fastened, an old horse, and rather a shabby chaise.

'That's Parson Allen's chaise,' said William Gardiner. 'I'll warrant you, he is making a sermon a mile long, to the old maids within; who, no doubt are listening to him with the most flattering attention: for I suspect, a call from a gentleman is a rare occurrence to them.'

'Yes,' said Frank, laughing; 'I dare say we might ride to the Squire's and back again in his chaise, before the sermon was ended; and the old horse would like it better, than standing here in the sun.'

'It is rather provoking,' said Gardiner; 'that as there is so much shade, he could not be put in it.'

'I make no doubt he was,' replied Frank; 'when the parson first stopped; but probably the sun has moved on to another place, since that time.'

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'That is a good thought of yours, Frank,' said Gardiner; 'come get in, I will take all the risk, and pay all damages. It would be a lucky hit for his reverence, if we broke the vehicle, and had to get a new one.'

'More lucky for him than for us,' said Frank, "who had his foot on the step, ready to get in; 'second thoughts are best; no, we had better not.'

'There is your ridiculous particularity; I don't believe there is another boy in the school, would refuse.——If the parson should come out, and find the horse had walked off, he would only go back and make the old ladies another sermon, which would be so much the more for the good of their souls.'

Frank's good genius prevailed; his talisman rose up to his thoughts like a guardian angel, and he said, 'it will be safest not to go.'

'Well, I will not be baulked of the ride,' said William,—'Lawrence says, that I once took the lead in every thing;

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but that now I am no better than your shadow; and that you govern me entirely; so I will go, if it is only to tell him, I have acted once for myself.'

'I will walk on with the letter,' said Frank, 'and shall probably meet you on my return.'

William Gardiner jumped into the chaise, and by dint of twitching the reins, and applying the whip, succeeded in getting the horse into a trot, and was soon out of sight. Frank proceeded with a light step, and a still lighter heart, and delivered the letter. After waiting half an hour for the answer, he returned, walking very fast, as it was late. When he passed the old house, he saw Mr. Allen's horse and chaise standing exactly in the same position in which they first found it; and a short distance beyond, he overtook William.

'You have been gone for ever,' said he; 'why, I do believe I have rode six miles, at least. I left the chaise in the same spot; nobody but yourself, I will venture

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to say, is the wiser for the expedition; for I turned down that unfrequented lane.'

They reached home before night; Frank delivered the answer to Mr. Reed. Gardiner told of his ride to Albert Lawrence and a few other boys. They had a good laugh,—said it was a capital trick, and they thought it would be a real kindness to the horse, to relieve him occasionally, from the tiresome business of standing an hour or two, in the same spot.

The next evening, the minister called on Mr. Reed, and finding he was in the play room, and all the boys round him, (for he often passed an hour with them in this way,) he walked in. Mr. Allen was an amiable man, and a group of happy young folks was always a pleasing sight to him.

The boys were relating remarkable occurrences; each one trying to recollect something strange, which he had lately heard or read of.

'I believe I can tell a singular story, which happened only yesterday,' said

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Mr. Allen ; though it may be rather too sad to relate in this merry company. But they may as well look on the shadows now and then, in the morning of life ; for their turn must come. I went yesterday afternoon to call on the Miss Bradford's, worthy women as any in my parish. The special object of this visit, however, was not themselves, but their neice, Miss Alice Bradford ; who has been in a consumption for more than a year, and came out here six weeks ago, for the benefit of the country air. The change was rather hurtful than beneficial ; she failed fast, and became too ill to be carried back. I had not, however, thought her quite so near her end, as she proved to be. When I got there yesterday afternoon, I entered into prayer with her, and found her spirit peaceful and resigned. The piety and innocence of her short life, gave tranquility and hope to her dying hour. Neither she nor her aunts appeared to apprehend immediate dissolution. I had witnessed too many death-bed scenes, not to know its

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symptoms, even when most deceitful. Her aunt said, that she appeared to have but one earthly wish remaining ; and that they hoped to gratify, the next morning. It was to see her younger sister, who had been purposely kept away ; as the sight of Alices' sufferings distressed her exceedingly. My mother has gone before me, said the sweet girl. I am ready to join her ; though I had hoped it might be the will of our Heavenly Father that I should be spared to my sister. Not as I will, but as thou wilt, she added, after a moment's pause, and a great struggle ; but I should like to take leave of her and give her a few words of advice ; as they are the last, they will make a deep impression on her mind. I called one of the ladies aside, and told her the present was the only time ; I did not believe her niece would be alive in the morning. She shuddered, and exclaimed, what shall I do ! how can I send for her sister now. I have no horse,—no man. I will go, I replied ; my horse is at the door I shall be back be-

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fore it is late ; I will go directly. Thank you, sir ; thank you a thousand times ; do go directly—and she returned to prepare the young woman to receive her sister.

When I went to the bottom of the avenue, my horse and chaise were not there ; by the marks in the road, I found he had turned round, and presumed he had taken a homeward direction. I hastened there, when I arrived out of breath at home, no one had seen him. I resolved to lose no more precious time, for I knew that the sands must be nearly all out in the poor young creature's glass : so I hurried to Dr. Parker to beg him to lend me his chaise ; the Dr. had gone to visit at Brookline : then I went to farmer Thomson ; he willingly lent his horse, but had neither chaise nor waggon. I determined to go over to Mr. Welles' and borrow his chaise. In doing this, I of course, passed by Miss Bradford's house. I had lost nearly an hour and a half,—there I found my horse standing exactly as I had left

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him, in the former part of the afternoon. I could not stop to make either inquiries or reflections; but got in, hastened into town, and brought the young sister out in the shortest time possible.

Soon after my departure from Miss Bradford's, the unequivocal symptoms of death began to come on; but the poor creature made great exertion to keep up her strength, anxiously expecting the arrival of her sister, and wondering at the delay. She took some drops which revived her a good deal; and half an hour before I arrived, conversed freely with her aunts; spoke of her perfect reliance on the goodness of God, and the merits of the Saviour, and gave many injunctions in case she did not see her sister. Ere *we* reached there, it was too late. She took her sister's hand, looked up in her face with an expression of disappointment which I shall never forget; but she was speechless. The hour and a half which I lost, in looking for a chaise, deprived her of that last and most earnestly desired sat-

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isfaction, the power of taking leave of her sister, and of giving her the invaluable instructions of her dying hour.

I went there again, this morning. She lived till daylight, but did not speak. The sister is overwhelmed with grief.—'Could she have spoken to me,—could I have been with her but one hour earlier I could have borne it,' was all she said.'

Every one present was deeply affected by the narration; all mirth ceased, and tears and sobs came in its place. Mr. Reed was himself surprised at the effect it had produced on some of the boys, touching as it was; he remarked a deadly paleness on William Gardiner's countenance; little did he suspect the true cause.

'I fear I have thrown a gloom over your happy family,' said Mr. Allen. 'It was not my intention to make the sad relation when I came among you; but I was led to it from the singular circumstance of my horse having gone off; for I have used him ten years, and never knew any thing of the sort to happen before.

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He knows all my parishioners' doors, I believe, as well as I do, and has never shown before, that he thought my visits to them too long.

I should have imagined that some mischievous fellow had taken him; but every body, even the smallest boy round this part of the country knows the animal, and I can't believe that there is one among them, would play me such a trick, and if any one had done so, I should not probably have found the horse returned quietly to the same spot in which I left him.'

'I must believe,' said Mr. Reed, 'that the horse was led away; and I would make inquiry about it.'

Will Gardiner could stand this no longer, but slipped out of the room, lest some questions should be asked.

'Did you pass Miss Bradfords' on your way to squire Brazer's, or did you take the other road, Frank?' said Mr. Reed.

'I passed that way,' answered Frank.

'Did you observe the horse and chaise, as you went?'

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'Yes, it was at the gate.'

'And on your return ?'

'It was there then also.'

'Well, well, say no more about it, Mr. Reed,' said the good clergyman; 'if it was a piece of mischief, I leave the person who committed it, to the reproaches of his own conscience; he need suffer no greater punishment, if he has any feeling. Though I own it would be a satisfaction to me to know, that my old faithful horse was not to blame.'

Mr. Allen took leave, and the boys soon retired. When Frank went to his room he found William Gardiner in bed; and believing him to be asleep, took a long look at his talisman, revolving in his mind, whether it was his duty to tell all that he knew about the horse, or to be silent on the subject, for William's sake. He remained undecided; but felt no pain or compunction, for he was conscious, that as soon as he had found out the right course, he should not fail to adopt it.

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After he had been in bed a short time, William Gardiner raised his head and said, 'Frank, are you asleep.'

'No.'

'Why don't you talk then.'

'I thought you were asleep.'

'No, I am wide awake; I can't get to sleep. What is that little box you have been looking at, so earnestly.'

'It is something.'

'Well I suppose it is; but do you want to keep it a secret; if you do, I won't ask.'

'Why no, not exactly,' said Frank; 'it is something my mother gave me, the night before I left home.'

'Well, what is it, I say?'

'It is a talisman,' said Frank, rather hesitatingly.

'A talisman; what is that?'

'Have you never read of talismans in fairy tales? it is a charm which protects you from danger, as long as you keep it and consult it.'

'I know that is the description of them, in genii and fairy tales; but you do not believe in *such* things do you?'

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'No, but this is real; it has a charm for me, to keep me from doing wrong; this is the danger which my mother expected it would secure me against.'

'If it has that sort of power, I wish I had had it this afternoon; then I should have let alone that horse and chaise. Was it the talisman which made you turn away, when your foot was on the step, and you were just ready to jump in?'

'It was the thought of it, I am persuaded. I consult it so frequently, and like to look at it so much, that now it is fixed in my mind; and I see it as distinctly, as if it were really in my hand, whenever I am going to do wrong.'

'And does it stop you short, as it did this afternoon?' said William.

'Unless I am very earnest indeed, too earnest to attend to its admonitions.'

'What did it say to night, when you looked at it,' asked William.

Frank repeated what the parson had said, after William left the room; the questions Mr. Reed asked, with his own

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answers; and told William that he was trying to come to a decision, what he ought to do.

'O you won't tell, will you? It is an evil spell that prompts you to betray a friend. Beside, what good can it do? If it could restore to the poor dead creature that one hour, I would tell myself instantly.'

'I have decided not to tell,' said Frank, 'without your consent.'

'Don't ask me to give that; it is impossible.'

'Why, you said just now, you would tell yourself, to restore that lost hour. This I know cannot be done; but something as valuable, which you have lost yourself, may be restored, by confessing the truth.'

'What is that?'

'Your own peace of mind; have you not lost that?'

'Yes, I have; I cannot shut my eyes without beholding that speechless, dying girl; it is frightful; I never was such a

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coward before. But I shall get over it I know, in a few days. Whenever I get into a scrape, I always feel horridly at first, for fear I should be found out,—but I never am, and I soon forget it.'

'But the consequences are seldom so serious, of any of our pranks,' said Frank.

'Why there was the widow's granddaughter who was burned so badly, all owing to my carelessness in dropping that piece of phosphorus, or some of the matches, on the day of our balloon frolic. It troubled me when I first heard of it, as much as it did you. I bought her a new pair of shoes, and I have given her or her grandmother something every time I go that way; and persuaded several of the other boys to do so too. The old woman said the last time I was there, that she hoped she should be brought to a realizing sense that every thing was ordered for the best; for Sally's accident had proved a real blessing to the family.'

'It is striking ten, William;' said Frank.

'Is it?' replied William.—'O dear! I shall never get asleep.

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Frank waked earlier than usual, the next morning; and he found William up and dressed.

'How early you are up,' said he.

'I am going to take a walk,' replied William. 'I feel as if I should smother, if I stay any longer shut up here.'

'Should you like to have me go with you?' said Frank.

'Will you? that's a good fellow.'

After they had walked a little way in silence, Gardiner said, 'I am glad Frank, that I know you have got something to help you to do right; for now there don't seem to be such a difference between us. Albert said, he believed you had a good genius always at your elbow, when you declined going into swimming with us, the day after the guards were broken by the high wind; and Mrs. Reed said your good genius was your virtuous thoughts; but she did not know the whole. If *I* had not gone at that time, Greenville would have been drowned; for there was not a fellow among them all, who had the

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courage to jump in after him when he floated outside the bars; so I can't reproach myself for that.'

'You said,' replied Frank, 'Mr. Reed commended your courage very much: but he told you you were as wrong as the others in going; and that we must not do evil that good may come of it.'

'Well, Frank,' said William, 'what would you do in my place about the chaise? suppose I go and tell parson Allen the whole truth; where is the use of it? It would only disgrace the school, to have it talked about all over the neighborhood; and injure the other boys as well as myself.'

'I agree with you,' said Frank; but can't you tell Mr. Reed?'

'How could that make the matter any better?'

'You would be relieved from the dread you now feel, of being found out.'

'That is something, I acknowledge; for I never did feel so badly about being found out before.'

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'Then,' said Frank, 'if you confess the fault and say you are sorry, you will have made all the reparation in your power, and your conscience will be lightened of a load.'

'I know it, and if I had your talisman, perhaps I should.'

'But you may, if you choose, have the good genius which Mrs. Reed thinks I have—*virtuous thoughts.*

'I wish I always did have them, I am sure.'

'If you once brought your mind to confess this,' said Frank; 'I think you would never engage in any more mischief. You know that Mr. Reed told you the day you saved Greenville, that you were a noble fellow; and if you could break yourself of your little mischievous propensities, you might be one of the first in his school, in character, as you now are in talents.'

'Yes,' said William; 'and I remember he advised me to make you my model; and if I had the courage, I would do as you advise.'

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'Will you agree to this,' asked Frank; 'you know the questions Mr. Reed asked me about the horse.'

'Yes.'

'I was sorry not to be able to tell all I knew; this will make it natural enough for me to speak of it first; and then I will say I had your consent to tell the whole; that you are very sorry, and are determined to break off your mischievous habits.'

'What will the boys say when they know it?' said William.

'Perhaps Mr. Reed will not choose to tell them; and if he does, all those whose opinions are worth caring for, will think the better of you.'

'I believe they will,' said William; 'for I know we did not think any the less of you, for what you said, the night of the balloon. Frank, I consent; only I should feel better to have you tell it to Mrs. Reed first, and let *her* tell Mr. Reed,—she is so kind, she will make the very best that can be made of it; and she will not say a harsh word to me.'

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'I will,' returned Frank; 'take courage, you will never be sorry, when it is once told,—like having a tooth out, it will be soon over, and you will be relieved.'

'When shall you tell?' asked William.

'When I get a suitable opportunity; don't be too anxious.'

As soon as Frank found Mrs. Reed disengaged, he related to her the whole affair; and represented as he could, with sincerity, that it was only meant as a harmless joke. He said as little of himself as possible, throughout the narration; and omitted almost entirely, the persuasion he was obliged to use, to induce William to take this step. Mrs. Reed sent for William into her own room, and remained alone with him some time; treating him with the tenderness of a mother, and taking care to say nothing which should make him regret for an instant, that he had opened his heart to her.

She then dismissed him, and in the course of the day communicated the mat-

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ter to her husband; who, though mortified to find that the disgrace of such an affair belonged to any member of his family; yet rejoiced at this proof of an ingenuousness in William Gardiner, which he had almost begun to despair of ever seeing in his character.

In the interview which succeeded, he did not inform William whether he should disclose the truth to Mr. Allen or not; indeed, he had not at that time, made up his mind on the subject.—But he said he should not mention it to any one of the scholars. This indulgence he thought due to the great effort he knew it must have cost William to make the confession.

'I never should have done it, but for Frank; he persuaded me into it.'

'He is your good genius then, William; and I advise you to attach him as closely to your side as possible. Some how or other, he contrives to discern and preserve the right course more perfectly than any of you.'

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'I believe,' said Frank, 'I do not deserve more praise on that account, than the others.'

'And why not, if you do in fact excel them?'

'Because,' said Frank, with some embarrassment,—

'Shall I tell?' said William.

'Yes.'

'Because he has something which none of us have; which helps him in doing right.'

'That must be a valuable possession in such a little world as this school,' said Mr. Reed; 'what can it be?'

'A talisman,' answered William; 'which his mother gave him, and said that it would secure him against all harm.'

'From moral harm,' said Frank; 'only from doing what I know to be wrong.'

'If he only just looks at it,' said William, 'it makes him do right.'

'It inspires me with courage to do right,' said Frank.

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'May we see this curious treasure?' asked Mr. Reed.

'Yes sir,' said Frank. 'I have intended to shew it to Mrs. Reed, for some time.'

Frank ran up to his trunk, took it out and brought it into Mrs. Reed's room. He opened the box and presented it to her. She smiled and looked surprised.

'There is a charm indeed; I do not wonder at its magical influence.—It is, said she—looking up at Frank,—

'My mother's picture,' he answered.

'What a delightful countenance,' exclaimed Mr. Reed. A glance at such features would, I am sure, drive away all evil thoughts. 'Especially if they were a mother's,' said Mrs. Reed; 'and these were the lips from which had proceeded, all your lessons of virtue.'

'I can have no such talisman,' exclaimed William, with a sigh. 'I have no mother. I do not remember her face. She died when I was an infant.'

'This is a great excuse for your faults,' observed Mr. Reed. 'Nothing can sup-

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ply a mother's place entirely, in the important period of childhood. But you have found a friend who may be a talisman to you, through life, if you will but adhere to him.'

'That I shall, I am resolved,' replied William; 'if he will adopt me.'

'Affection for a worthy object,' said Mrs. Reed; 'whether it be parent or friend, is a talisman which has preserved many a noble youth from the dangers of temptation.'

I trust it will not be uninteresting to our young friends to be informed, that Frank and William's friendship, increased every year; and that it was a source of mutual advantage through life. When Frank went home in the vacation, his parents were delighted with his improvement in looks and manners; he had acquired a manly air, a clear and ready manner of expressing himself. His progress in his studies exceeded their expectations; and his mother told him she was repaid for the sacrifice she had made in parting with him.

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The vacation passed away; and when Frank returned to school, both his father and mother accompanied him to Boston. Mrs. Courtland was very desirous of becoming acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Reed, to whom she and her husband felt so much indebted for the happiness and improvements which Frank had found in their family.

Sam Brown's father was so much struck with Frank's improvement, that he resolved to send his son to the same school; though it was rather difficult for him to afford the expense of it. Sam was a boy of fine talents, and well rewarded his father's exertion. He entered college at the same time with Frank and William Gardiner. They were so attached to each other, that they went by the name of the friendly trio; and having quitted the University with honour, became highly respectable and worthy men.

Frank was his mother's pride in manhood, as he had been her hope and comfort in youth.

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